THE THEATRES

B.S.G.

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE.—Monday and Tuesday evenings, "The Tenderfoot;" Wednesday evening, Madame Herrman; Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "Peggy From Paris."

GRAND.—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday matinee, "A Ragged Hero;" Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "A Thoroughbred Tramp."

LYRIC.—Sunday to Friday evenings and Wednesday matinee, "The Merrymakers;" Saturday matinee and evening, "Williams' Ideals."

UTAHNA PARK THEATRE.—The Empire company in repertoire.

MANAGER EGAN of the Lyric was succeeded last week by Walter S. Moss of Denver. Mr. Egan has gone to Idaho to look after some interests he has there and to rest for a time in the hope of recovering his health, which has been badly broken by his close attention to duty. Mr. Moss is an old-time western showman. He graduated from the case into the reportorial department of newspaper work, and in his day he has served some famous men. Among others he worked with Mark Twain in Nevada, and thirty-odd years ago he set type in Salt Lake. Mr. Moss has many old friends in Salt Lake who will be glad to welcome him as a permanent resident.

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The conference business at the local playhouses was the best they have enjoyed for some years. During the two or three semi-annual conferences immediately preceding this one the visitors have not seemed to care a great deal for the theatres, notwithstanding the fact that some excellent attractions were offered. This time the people were more prosperous, apparently, and the result was overflowing money-drawers and empty ticket racks, a condition calculated to make glad the hearts of the managers, both local and traveling.

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There will be plenty doing this week. The Salt Lake theatre has a varied offering, opening with "The Tenderfoot," for Monday and Tuesday evenings, Madame Herrman Wednesday evening, and "Peggy From Paris," George Ade's clever musical comedy, the last half of the week. At the Grand the offerings will be "A Ragged Hero" the first half, and "A Thoroughbred Tramp" the last half of the week. The Lyric opens the week tonight with "The Merrymakers." The company will be succeeded Saturday afternoon by "Williams' Ideals."

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The Empire company returns to Utahna Park theatre this week for an engagement that will run through Saturday night. The company is a capable one and, weather conditions being favorable, with a new bill each evening, it will doubtless do a big business.

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W. P. Cullen will present Oscar L. Figman and Ruth White in that dashing western operatic comedy, "The Tenderfoot," at the Salt Lake theatre on Monday and Tuesday evenings. These two stars are well known in Salt Lake on account of their work in "The Burgomaster," in a big revival of which they were seen two years ago. Mr. Figman is said to have surprised even his warmest admirers in the role of Professor Pettibone, the gentle old seminarian whose experiences on a Texas ranch furnish the greater part of the comedy of the opera. Figman is the proud possessor of a pair of comedy legs and a quiet wit which seems to please auditors. Miss White is appearing in the role of Marion Worthington, and brings to it a pleasing personality and a fine soprano voice.

The remainder of the cast is well known. Jethro Warner, a tenor of ability, is singing the part of Paul; George E. Romain is the Honest John; Fred Bailey is the Sergeant Barker; Harry B. Williams, one of the best dancers on the stage, is the Chinaman; Louise Brackett, the Sally; Etta Lockhart the Patsy, and Frankie Warner the Flora Jane Libby. The chorus is an extremely large one, the company numbering sixty-five people.

Richard Carle and H. L. Heartz, the author and composer, respectively, of "The Tenderfoot," wrote better than they knew when they evolved "The Tenderfoot." While Carle did not claim that he had written a piece of extraordinary originality, he managed to bring out one that is genuinely funny and one in which there is great opportunity for attractive and characteristic costuming and coloring. He caught the spirit of the open air when he wrote the lyrics, and Heartz, on furnishing the music, caught the spirit. The result is a score of tunes that are all of the whistling variety. Some of the remembered songs are "My Alamo Love," "The Tale of the Tortured Thomas Cat," "Adios," "The Soldiery," "I'm a Soldier of Fortune," "Fascinating Venus," "Only a Kiss," and the splendid finale of the second act, when the rangers march away to fight the hostile Indians. There will be a largely augmented orchestra for the Salt Lake theatre engagement.

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For originality and diversion, the "Merrymakers," the new extravaganza troupe which is at the Lyric this week, can bear comparison with any show of its kind on the circuit today. The organization is modelled on fin de siecle lines. Its humor is up to the second, so to speak, but is one of the refined, breezy kind. One particular bit that has already created a furore is the Milkmaid chorus. This is certainly a novelty. Each member of the chorus, which, by the way, contains more beautiful and talented women than any other organization today, stands behind a milk churner. The churners are fitted with musical arrangements and the "girls" accompany themselves while singing a dainty love song. The innocent-looking churners send forth sweet surprising melody. The atmosphere is kept intact by the attire of the chorus who are all dressed up to look like the pretty, industrious milkmaids that they are. The "Merrymakers" does not have to depend alone for success on this clever innovation. Two witty and funny burlesques, innumerable specialties and capital light and scenic effects are also introduced. Besides this, the "Merrymakers" contains the usual quota of singers, dancers and entertainers who understand their business and make excellent use of their exceptional talent.

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The attraction coming to the New Grand theatre next Thureday is none other than Elmer Walter's familiar comedy drama, "A Thoroughbred Tramp," a character play depicting incidents in the west. Elmer Walter's plays wear well and his audiences usually get a run for their money. The manuscript of "A Thoroughbred Tramp" has undergone an overhauling recently, which practically makes a new play of the last two acts, the third act now showing the home of the feeble-minded at the Colorado asylum.

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How many of us scorn a man because he is ragged, a tramp, in fact, instead of offering him a helping hand. Although a man nowadays, though he is poorly dressed is ignored by most of us, there are some of us left who still have pity and are only too glad to offer a helping hand or a kind word. Such is the story told by "A Ragged Hero," which appears at the Grand tonight.

A man of good family becomes addicted to drink and, like all who give way to temptation, is soon at the very bottom, an outcast from society. His former friends, his family and his associates all shun his society, and he finally leaves home. Being penniless and friendless, he beats his way on the railroad, and his clothes are tattered and torn and he goes from town to town begging from door to door.

It happens that on one of his explorations for food, he approaches a fine residence. He knocks at the door and tells his story and is invited in the house by the lady of the house. She asks him into the dining room, resplendent with brilliant cut glass and china ware. She notes that he is not dazzled by the luxuriousness of the place, and is convinced that he is of more than the ordinary intelligence, and finally she induces him to tell her of his life. He relates his sad story, and she takes pity on him and offers a helping hand. She secures a position for him in her husband's store, and he rapidly works himself to the front. In one year after he had left home he has reformed. He again commands the esteem of everybody. He returns home to his wife and family and is given a warm reception. This scene is one of the most pathetic scenes on the stage today, and brings tears to the most hard-hearted. The play teaches a great moral lesson, a great line from Shakespeare, "Kind words are more than coronets, and a simple faith than Norman blood." This woman by her kind words and deeds reforms this poor unfortunate. Miss Lansing Rowan appears as the leading lady and an exceptionally strong cast and show is certain to be given.

PROMISE OF THE THEATRES.

"Peggy From Paris," George Ade's merry musical play which has scored distinct hits and achieved long runs in New York, Boston and Chicago, will be the attraction at the Salt Lake theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, when it will be offered by the only organization which is appearing in this successful melodious comedy. Hence theatre patrons will be certain of the excellence of the company and the richness and beauty of the production. "Peggy From Paris" is one of the most popular musical plays ever produced, a fact known to all persons who are in touch with the theatre. There is no doubt of its wit and merriment, for its author is George Ade, the famous humorist, whose writings have delighted readers in this country and abroad. It has been said of the play that it contains much of Mr. Ade's cleverest wit and satire. That it furnishes abundant enjoyment is proven by the fact that it ran four months in New York, five months in Boston and three in Chicago. Critics and public unite in paying tribute to its brightness and gaiety, its originality, its clever character portrayals and its droll and amusing situations and incidents. In "Peggy From Paris" the fun is unfailing. There is not a dull moment. The persons in the play, interesting and amusing every one, move through comical scenes, are involved in laughable complications, and all the while say the witty things Mr. Ade has put into their mouths. One is laughing unrestrainedly at the comedy when a burst of melody preludes a captivating air and the comedians and comediennes from saying funny things turn to singing catchy songs, most of them well seasoned with merriment, all of them captivating, and their delight enhanced by scores of pretty chorus girls who sing and dance in alluring measure. William Loraine wrote the music for "Peggy From Paris." He is the composer of "Zamona" and "Salome," a guarantee of the catchy, earthrilling and graceful qualities of the airs in the comedy. It is sparkling music attuned to the scintillating ways of the play. "Peggy From Paris" will be one of the notable engagements of the season in this city, and admirers of all that is best in musical comedy will wish to hear it.

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In a little less than two weeks from date—on Friday, Oct. 20—Salt Lakers are to have one of those rare musical feasts that they can hope to get only occasionally. And considering that the great concert that is booked for them is only to be given thirty times in the United States, it would seem that eastern managers must hold the city in high esteem musically. Madame Eames is the illustrious artist whose singing Salt Lake is to hear. She comes to the tabernacle with a splendid company to support her—a company every member of which is famed on two continents. She has with her Amherst Webber, composer and accompanist; Joseph Hollman, cellist, and M. Gogorza, baritone. Her selections will be airs from the operas with which her name is most closely identified, and songs of a lighter and more popular quality. Schubert and Schumann, Brahms and Richard Strauss and others will be included. A telegram to Professor McClellan from Henry Wolfsohn, New York, says the full programme will arrive early next week. In addition to her own company, Madame Eames is to be supported by and sing one or more numbers with the Tabernacle choir. Her concert tour begins at Bangor, Me., on Friday night next. From there she comes direct to Salt Lake and then proceeds to the Pacific coast, appearing at San Francisco, Los Angeles and then detours eastward via Houston.

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Adelaide Herrmann, the talented queen of magic, who appears here Wednesday next, was, during the lifetime of her late husband, Herrmann the Great, his principal assistant, and was in many instances the only living person outside himself who knew the secret of his greatest illusions. To her he confided every secret of his magic art, and she loyally upset the ancient theory that a woman cannot keep a secret. After his death she naturally turned to his art as a profession, for which her years of practice and association with him had so well fitted her. She had inherited all his apparatus and paraphernalia and several of his latest and most intricate illusions, which he left unfinished she herself completed and is now operating with great success. In the building of these she had the different parts made in different parts of the country in order that the mechanics who made them even are not conversant with their workings. After all the parts were delivered to her she assembled them and fitted them together with her own hands. Her easy grace in the manipulation of the most complicated tricks comes from the years of practical experience she has had while with her illustrious husband, and she is the only female magician in the world today who attempts any of the greater illusions and feats of magic requiring extensive apparatus. "The Birth of the Butterfly," "Escape of Admiral Togo" and Black Art are among her star feats which are so beautifully presented that they always awaken the most profound admiration. Personally she is a handsome woman, who in the role of Cleopatra, the Egyptian sorceress, looks every inch the queen she impersonates. She wears magnificent costumes and carries a carload of special paraphernalia and scenery.

ADE DOESN'T MIND A TASTE OF FAILURE

George Ade has met Failure and said: "Howdy, glad to make your acquaintance." Failure is something new for Ade—and yet, for the sake of the experience, he is not sorry—and besides the oats crop of Indiana broke all records this season, and no matter what Savage and the critics do to Ade he is happy.

Ade's first failure has been recorded. There are discussions as to whether "The Bad Samaritan" failed because it was bad or because certain theatrical powers wanted it to fail; but, regardless of the question at issue, Ade takes a philosophical view of the matter.

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In an interview with a Herald reporter in New York Ade gave his views on failures. Joe had just written him about the crops—and George held a letter in his hands when the reporter approached him.

"Listen to this," said the man who made slang classical as he eagerly read the letter: 'Oats have gone up to 35 cents, and the twenty-acre field thrashed out 200 bushels more than we expected; sold those sixteen cows we thought we couldn't get rid of and would have to winter for $55 a head; man from Toronto has offered $800 for that team of sorrel colts.' Failure with a play! Yes, that's right, but oats are up. What do I care!"

"You don't mind failures?"

"Never got thoroughly acquainted before. Have always been a little diffident and shy when they came around. They certainly do cheer you up, though, especially when crops are good. Make you think what a fine fellow you were before. Sets you to sort of gloating over your have beens."

"Does that make you eligible to your own club?"

"What club?"

"The one you wrote about in the 'Bad Samaritan,' the 'I Knew Him When club?'"

"Oh, I see; you mean I could get in on the credentials of people who could say, 'I knew him when he wrote successful plays?' No, I'm going to blackball myself, for I have another play ready to launch, and, according to the train dispatcher, it is due to be a success."

"Do successes always arrive on schedule time?"

"They do with me. I can almost set my watch by them. I knew we would never have any trouble with ticket speculators over 'The Samaritan' before I wrote a line of it."

"Because it was written too hurriedly—too much of a rush job for the work required?"

"Not at all. That's a mistake. It took me seven weeks to write 'The Samaritan,' which fell down so hard that it fell all to pieces on the first performance in this city, and only four weeks to write 'The College Widow,' that never touched anything but the high spots in its career and is still galloping gayly on. The time actually spent in writing a play, the mechanical work of scribbling down the dialogue, is of little consequence. Once get the theme in your head, the basic idea to build on, and the rest is only intellectual drudgery. The only important thing is to touch the right idea button."

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"Why, then, did it fail?"

"Because it was its turn. They come every other one with me. The odd numbers are the only ones that score in my game. As every one knows whose wife and bank roll have allowed him to follow the theatre, 'The Sultan of Sulu' was a big success. That was No. 1. Then came 'Peggy From Paris.' A little wobbly 'Peggy' was. The public did not seem to think as much of her as either Colonel Savage or I did. Although 'Peggy' was not a real failure, that distinction has been reserved for the present sad event—she did not get all the way back from Paris. Then, No. 3, came 'The County Chairman,' a big success. Odd number, you see. Then No. 4, 'The Sho-Gun,' did not go off quite right. Only scored on an outer ring. No. 5—odd number again—'The College Widow.' Everybody liked her. Then this 'Bad Samaritan.' Even number, you see. No help for it."

"Is that the only reason it failed, because it was the next in line?"

"O, no, there are psychological reasons, if you choose to analyze the play, dissect it, and weigh it. I never follow the laid-down rules of accepted stage technique in writing plays. Paul Potter has tried many a time to argue me into doing it. 'I build my plays by my pulse. He builds his by rule. I cannot measure out human emotions as you would molasses, and I cannot add up heart throbs like so many items in a grocer's bill.'"

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"But what was the psychological error?"

"There were two, as near as my hindsight allows me to discover—one is that the American public has ceased to be interested in wealth. Money is too common. A millionaire is no longer a curiosity or even an object of interest. Instead of playing a star part he is only one of a big chorus, almost as monotonous as the old Greek chorus, at that. That's where I erred. To me a lot of money has always seemed an attractive setting to a man, but it is not to New Yorkers. You can't throw a stick out of that window without hitting a millionaire. Here in New York a man with a thousand puppy dogs would stir up ten times the interest that a man would who had $10,000,000. Money is too common. So you see that robs the central figure of his allurement."

"And the other reason?"

"The love story does not appeal. It's that of an old man, a rich old man, in love with a young servant, a housekeeper in a country hotel. When acted seriously, as it was, the romance was ridiculous. New York said, 'O, fudge!' and I don't wonder, now that I have seen it with the varnish of authorship rubbed off."

"Did it seem good when you wrote it?"

"Fine. The original manuscript is upstairs, and I suppose it is worth about 2 cents a pound now as old paper. It is written on a good quality of linen paper, by the way. I might get more for it. Oats are going up and maybe paper is.

"It is a singular thing that when you send the manuscript of a new play to your manager by express and they ask you to put a value upon it, you can hardly make up your mind just how many thousand dollars you should say, but after the play has been produced you begrudge a 25-cent express charge to send it anywhere."

"Do you really think even now that 'The Bad Samaritan' is a poor play?"

"I think that it has more funny lines than any play I have produced. Also I think the idea of a man who tries to help people with his money and finds he is only doing them an injury is not bad. The dog's life he leads is just about what would happen to Mr. Rockefeller if he allowed the public to run in on him."

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"Has your father seen 'The Bad Samaritan?'"

"No, indeed. He's on to me. It's hard work to fool him. When he was a young man he moved to this little place in Indiana where I live. It then consisted of fourteen houses and seventeen barns. Father at once founded a bank there, and with due modesty named it the National Bank of North America. My parent certainly had nerve."

"Has he seen your other plays?"

"He got caught watching some of them. He seemed penitent afterward. During the run of 'The County Chairman' he came down to New York to see it. It was his first visit to New York in thirty years. Unfortunately I was called away on business and could not meet him on his arrival. That evening when we met I asked him how he had spent the day.

"'Had a pleasant time,' said he; 'went all over the city.'

"'Is that so? How did you do it?

"'I took an automobile,' he replied, with the utmost nonchalance. That rather staggered me, for my father is not exactly the sort of a man to go tearing around in a big Panhard at $40 a day. Like me, he has been used to drinking buttermilk.

"'Yes,' he continued, 'had a fine time. Saw all the sights, Grant's tomb, the art museum, Vanderbilt's house, Flatiron building, and the whole thing.'

"Why did you stop writing slang?"

"Because I was afraid of getting monotonous. I was afraid of repeating. For that reason I keep slang out of my plays absolutely."

"Why did you stop writing musical plays?"

"Because I found I would be swamped in spangles, tights and jingles."

EMMA EAMES,
Who Will Sing in the Tabernacle on Oct. 20.

Oscar L. Figman as Professor Pettibone. Ruth White as Marion.
Two of "The Tenderfoot" Stars at the Salt Lake Theatre.

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

John Drew and "De Lancey" have provided the most brilliant, as well as the most triumphant opening that any Empire theatre season has thus far had. Crowded houses have admired and enthusiastically enjoyed Mr. Drew's charming performance of the hero in Augustus Thomas' splendid comedy since its first night. The triumph has been complete for both star and play. It is conceded that the present work is the best that Mr. Thomas has yet given to the stage. Its dialogue is of the wittiest fun-teeming quality, and there are fully five times more laughs in it than in any of its successful predecessors. The hero is a Drew part, that appeals in the strongest way to Mr. Drew's admirers. It gives full play to all the excellent qualities of this comedian's art, and permits him to get more laughs over the footlights than in any productions he has had since he became a star. He has plenty of sentimental work besides, for there is a charming love story that is told with surprising novelty and that provides several attractive scenes for Mr. Drew and his leading woman, Margaret Dale. Mr. Drew has scored so magnificently in "De Lancey" that it will no doubt be the most prosperous as it already is the most delightful of the plays in which he has appeared.

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Cecilia Loftus describes her method of obtaining an imitation of other players as "catching them," much as a photographer speaks of his work. She let drop the term the other day, and her listener at once caught her up.

"And how do you 'catch' people?" she was asked.

"I don't know," she replied, with a lame little smile. "I don't believe I ever stopped to think how I do it. It doesn't do for me to analyze. I get people, or I don't, that's all. It's impossible for me to explain the process. I don't understand it myself. I simply go to a theatre and watch the person I intend to imitate."

"You go as you might at any other time, and chat with friends while the performance is going on?"

"Oh, no, I mustn't do that. First of all, I pick out a certain scene or song and give my undivided attention to it. When the person I am studying is on the stage I can't be distracted by conversation. My friends all understand that and leave me alone. I concentrate all my powers of observation on my subject and try unconsciously to absorb everything I see and hear."

"Then you go home and practice the imitation?"

"No, I never practice an imitation. I wait for it to come. Sometimes it comes at once, sometimes it is a long time coming, and sometimes it doesn't come at all."

"It comes when you're not expecting it?"

"Yes, often. For instance, I woke up out of a sound sleep one night to find that I had at last got Ethel Barrymore's voice. I had been to see her five times in 'Sunday,' but I couldn't get her. When I tried, it was simply myself and not Miss Barrymore who was speaking. Then, all of a sudden, there it was! I knew I had it the moment I awoke. The curious thing about it was that I did not get Miss Barrymore in the scene I had been watching. It was another—the one where she reads the letter from one of the 'boys'—to which I had paid no particular attention. I couldn't get her at all in the other. There was only one thing to do, and that was to wait. When it did come I sat up in bed, ran over a line or two that I remembered and then went contentedly back to sleep."

"Do 'other people' object to seeing themselves as others see them?"

"I never heard but one objection. That was from Mrs. Campbell. She said that if she thought she was anything like my imitation of her she would leave the stage!"

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"The College Widow" company (western) after an unprecedented run in Chicago, has started on its long tour, which will reach to the Pacific coast and into the regions of British Columbia. The Chicago Daily News, in commenting on the series of packed houses, has the following to say: "The engagement of 'The College Widow' has been the most remarkable in the history of the Studebaker. For six weeks the house has been entirely sold out for every performance and thousands have been turned away. The work of the excellent company selected by Henry W. Savage to interpret Mr. Ade's comedy has proved a delight to theatre-goers." In the meantime the eastern company is now in the height of its remarkable run at the Tremont theatre, Boston, where the comedy has been acclaimed the best American play of the decade.

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Augustus Thomas is no admirer of George Bernard Shaw, although he has recently begun to compete with him in the plotless drama of vivacious prattle. In a recent interview Mr. Thomas said many cruel things of the much-discussed Englishman. Some of them are as follows:

"I think he has his tongue in his cheek all the time."

"'Mrs. Warren's Profession' requires more courage to present than any actor not in the direst need has."

"It seems to me that the writer of 'Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant' is seldom sincere, and that when he is sincere he is hysterical."

"I never feel impelled to see a Shaw play any more than an Ibsen play. I saw but one Ibsen play; that was quite sufficient."

"It is hard to say whether the Shaw fad will last or not. I think it may if the product keeps up, for the reason that the leisure class in society admire agility, no matter to what purpose it is shown."

"I think I can tell why Shaw has a following. The dramatized novel goes because every reader who has an impression of a character wishes to see that character realized. The Shaw plays have done their own advance work by exciting in their readers a wish to see the characters in those plays on the stage."

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This was told by an old manager who was entertaining some of the boys in the lobby of his theatre:

A certain actor was summoned as a witness in a case in New York City. The actor is noted for the high estimation in which he holds himself. When comfortably settled in the witness chair, the lawyer began to question him.

"What is your name?"

The witness gasped, but gave the information in a manner calculated to crush the questioner.

"What is your profession?" was the next.

"I am an actor," replied the actor, with a pitying inflection in his voice.

The lawyer seemed a trifle embarrassed, and in a hesitating way said: "I suppose you consider yourself a good one?"

"The best in America," was the confident reply.

The next morning the newspapers faithfully reported this conversation, and a friend of the actor, meeting him on Broadway, said:

"Say, Blank, couldn't you have made that statement in court yesterday just a little lighter, or drawn it just a little milder about your being the best actor in America?"—only to be quelched by his friend, who, drawing himself to his full height, said proudly: "No, you forget—I was under oath."

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As every one knows, the chief industry of St. Johns, Newfoundland, is the fisheries. The residents of this interesting city talk fish, catch fish, cook fish and eat fish, sell fishing tackle, rent fishing boats, and even dream of the annual catch and the profits thereon.

The proprietor of the theatre there is a fisherman. He is something of a local celebrity, because in the seventy years of his life he has never been known to smile or jest. Thomas W. Ross, the star of "A Fair Exchange," visited the maritime provinces some years ago with a small company. While there he happened to remember that a young woman, who had been a schoolmate of his in Boston, lived in St. Johns, and he decided that it would be a delicate compliment to send her a gift of some sort. The actor learned that the young woman was still unmarried, and try as he would, he could not think of a suitable gift.

While he was on the horns of this dilemma, having had, so he claims, little experience with such matters, the proprietor of the theatre appeared. The actor stated the case to him, and asked for advice. The old fisherman reflected a long time, as though the subject was a very vexing one. Then he took his pipe from his mouth and drawled, with many deliberations:

"Why don't you send her a box of fish hooks?"

Maude Gilbert, Who Comes to the Grand Next Week in "Wyoming."

Mlle. Bartoletti, With "The Merrymakers" at the Lyric.

Adelaide Hermann.